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ing up the long evening with sounds of gladness? or the triumphant peals which announce a victory gained by our republican arms, which ushered the morning of the anniversary of independence, or welcomed the arrival of some honorable patriot or hero, a Decatur, a Washington, or a La Fayette? There is no sensitive mind upon which a deep and lasting impression is not made by the holy calm of a Sabbath morn. When the sun shines forth with more than usual brilliance, when the elements are still, when all is silence and repose, as if the whole universe joined in one spontaneous act of worship, when the weary rest from labour, and a whole people arrayed in their best garb, assemble in the places where prayer is wont to be made—then the peals of the “church going bell” strike upon the ear with a holy, yet a cheerful sound, that never fades from the memory. Have any of us followed the remains of some dear relative to the tomb, and can we ever forget the solemn toll, whose every note fell heavily and sadly on the heart? These are the most cherished associates of youth; and after residing for years at some secluded spot, where no sound ever recalled them, the ringing of a bell brings up a rush of tender feelings, and calls us back to the homes of our childhood, and the joys and sorrows of the spring of life.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS IN ILLINOIS COLLEGE, 1833-34.

(From the Western Monthly Magazine.)

We have received with pleasure a pamphlet with the above title. Having a warm side for Illinois the infant growth of whose institutions we witnessed for so many years, we see with unmingled gratification every indication of her advancing prosperity. It is but five or six years since we attended a meeting in Jacksonville—then a hamlet of log houses—held in an unfinished building,

where the company stood among the carpenters' chips and shavings, and where an institution was organized and called *Illinois College*. From this small beginning has arisen a valuable institution, having a faculty consisting of a president and four other gentlemen, and a list of eighty-two students. Their buildings are commodious, and their prospects cheering.—[Judge James Hall, in *The Western Monthly Magazine* of April, 1834.]

THE LEGEND OF STARVED ROCK.

(From Peterson's Magazine, Vol XXX, No. 6, Philadelphia, December, 1856.)

BY MARY W. JANVEIN.

In the far West, where broad rolling prairies stretch away for miles, in billowy undulations—where bold mountainous cliffs rise abruptly to the azure sky, crowned with dark firs and cedars—not far from the headwaters of navigation on the Illinois river, and towering up from the bank of the stream, rises "Starved Rock."

Its wall are of dark grey stone, half veiled with clambering wild vines and trailing masses, as some old dilapidated castle, relic of feudal times stands buried in the drapery which long ages have woven about it—and broken parapets of stunted cedars and firs frown threateningly upon the daring adventurer who attempts to scale its precipitous steep. A narrow, almost perpendicular path, on the opposite side from the river, is revealed, as you make a circuit of the base of the cliff; and here, he who would attain the highest elevation of the "Rock," can ascend.

There is a fugitive tale, commemorating the events which gave this wild cliff so strange a name, coming down to us from those early times when the red man